

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

COOPER & BRUEN.]

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VII.—NO. 40.

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WHOLE NO. 352.

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No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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All communications, to insure attention must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?"—asked Mary Lark, a girl of 12 or 14 years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming towards the school-house; "she cuts the most comical figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans such as men and boys wear."

"Oh yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washer-woman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through such as well as any. It is cleaner of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house; "I am thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly though tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school, they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make these girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly, dislike her the more, and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And so you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond with your cloak!"

And she caught hold of the cape; and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in her laugh.

"Calico cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another girl as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and, when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak,' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know mother, how unkindly they treat me."

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with some who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie, "there isn't one that loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls; and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak" as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps through his influence, lead a happier life among her schoolmates; accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville and removed to New York.

Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal and it was worn from the academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months and years glided away to the students of Bridgeville Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her had left, to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman, came into Bridgeville, and was settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following his ordination, that it was expected that he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and, especially after it was reported she was a talented young authoress.

A few weeks after, Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm.

She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and every body (as they always are at first,) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week, the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and, although, it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time, it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much, it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked on with surprise.

"I was here a few months, when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

"Have you friends here?" asked a third, after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the Widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store on the corner of Pine street."

"The Widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the academy," replied Mrs. Maynard, "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recent."

"I was known in the academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features, which in a few moments after was seen deepening upon faces of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age, by making herself known.

"Oh! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy," said an old lady as she looked over her glasses, "and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to prove any one present by making myself known; but as it may seem to some that such was my intention, I will add a few words."

Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little "Calico Cloak"; but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And as I again hear the old academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling towards any one. I know that, whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends. But ladies, let me add, if you have children learn them a lesson from my experience, and teach them to treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection and as sensitive to sorrow as one that beats beneath a velvet covering."

Whenever you meet a child that shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell it the story of the 'calico cloak'; it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest, but the best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady, again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; "and I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the old academy. At that time, a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education.

The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But, when that story of the 'calico cloak' reached the scholars, the little boy (for he was naturally a noble hearted child,) became very popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to "Little Patchy," as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchy," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

PROGRESS AND THE ROD.—The Albany Transcript, which has a schoolmaster among its editors is responsible for the following:

The principal of one of our select schools has been sending circulars to the parents of the pupils, which signed and returned, will authorize him to inflict such punishment, corporeally or otherwise, as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents are pleased with the idea:

DEAR MR. RATTIN—Your lickin circular is duly received. I hope as to you John, you will flog him just as often as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Hitho I've bin in habit of teachin him myself, it seems to me he never will learn anything—his spellin outrageously desiffment. Walup him wel, ser, and you wel receive my thanks.

P.S.—What accounts for John bein wich a skollar is that he is my sun by my wifes fust husband.

AN empty sound—a railroad whistle when you are too late for the train.

ALONE WITH GOD.

The Home Journal says: "The enclosed! devout utterance, entitled 'Alone with God,' is by Mary Cletcher Ames, the devoted wife of a Christian minister."

Alone with God! day's craven cares Have crowded onward unawares; The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! I bare my breast, Come in, come in, O holy guest, Give rest—thy rest, of rest the best!

Alone with God! how calm a calm Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm, When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm.

Alone with God! no human eye Is here, with eager look to pry Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God! no jealous glare Now stings me with its torturing stare; No human malice says—beware!

Alone with God! from earth's rude crowd, With jostling steps, and laughter loud, My better soul I need not shroud.

Alone with God! He only knows If sorrow's ocean overflows The silent spring from which it rose.

Alone with God! He mercy lends; Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends, Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God! He feebleth well The soul's pent life that will not swell; The life-long want no words may tell!

Alone with God! still nearer bend; Oh, tender father, coudescend In this my need, to be my friend.

Alone with God! with suppliant men, Upon thy pitying breast I lean, Nor less because thou art unseen.

Alone with God! safe in thine arms O shield me from life's wild alarms, O save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God! my Father, bless With thy celestial promises, The soul that needs thy tenderness.

Alone with God! O, sweet to me This covert to whose shade I flee, To breathe repose in thee—in thee!

WILT THOU LOVE ME THUS FOREVER!

Thou gaze'st deep and earnest— Deep and earnest are thine eyes; I know that in our being

There are answering sympathies; I know there dwells upon me— An affection rich and pure,

And ask, with anxious yearning, "Will it ever thus endure?"

Quick changes come upon us— Changes not in our control; There are shadows and eclipses, And dark tides upon the soul.

With tremulous emotion, I accept thy bounteous store, But ask, with anxious yearning, "Wilt thou love me evermore?"

Thou knowest all my weakness; Thou knowest all my power; Thou'st read my life and knowest Every word and every flower;

And if within my nature Any gracious gift there be, I would its brightest radiance Should trust itself to thee.

God knows no selfish impulse Draws my heart thus close to thine; I would that all my toiling Should partake of the divine;

I would be wise and perfect, Living truly, heartily, That life's most glorious halos Should surround and hallow thee,

And if upon thy pathway, I have cast one tiny ray— Made one moment brighter, happier, By my life, or by my lay—

Thou canst not love a creature That is meaner than thine own; Thou canst not never have enjoyment In a soul of lower tone.

So I rest my heart contented, For in this clearer view, I see thou'lt not withhold me Such love as is my due;

And if some nature With the gifts that once was mine, I must bow my head submissive To a law of the Divine!

But with earnest, strong endeavor, I would labor by thy side, Earn the right to be companion, Fellow-worker and thy guide;

Through all earth's weary turmoil, Keep a loving soul, and pure, And thy bonities of affection Will forever thus endure.

A SELF-MADE MAN.—The Rochester Union tells us the following story of Hon. John Kelly, M. C. for New York city: A rich New Yorker, as the story runs, gave a large entertainment, and among his invited guests was Hon. John Kelly.

In the course of the evening the wealthy citizen says: "Mr. Kelly, I believe I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in my house before."

"But I believe you are mistaken," responded Mr. Kelly. "Mistaken? I think not, I guess I am right."

"But I have been here before." "Well," says the wealthy citizen, collecting his thoughts, "I don't see how that can be; I have no recollection of your being in my house before; When was it? when were you here?"

"Oh," said Mr. Kelly, pointing to a grate in the room, "I can bring the matter to your recollection; I set that grate for you."

THEIR TRUE DEFINITIONS.—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out.

Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come right.

TO THE PEOPLE OF HARRISON COUNTY.

As you are already aware, a special election is about to be held for Clerk of our County Court. The frauds and illegalities practiced at the last election to fill that office, were so palpable as to lead to a contest of that election, by eighteen of the qualified voters of this county, in the manner prescribed by law.

The County Court—the tribunal fixed by law for the trial of such cases, after a faithful and impartial hearing of all the evidence brought before it, ordered a new election to be held on Thursday, the 2d day of September next.

As the facts ascertained by the Court, in the trial of this cause, have been misrepresented throughout the length and breadth of this county, it is due to truth and justice that the case should be fairly stated.

Mr. Moore, my Know-Nothing competitor, claims, in his circular of the 18th inst., that he was fairly and legally elected at the last election, and, in a bombastic tone, announces himself a candidate for re-election.

He publishes, as an evidence of the truth of this assertion, a statement by three of the magistrates who sat upon the trial of the case, that on Thursday evening he "had the largest number of votes, counting the Shinnston poll," but, unfortunately for the position he attempts to prove, the statement goes on to say that "the result was CHANGED by the setting aside of the Shinnston poll;" and, of course, if he had the majority of votes "at that time," and "the result was CHANGED," afterwards, it left me "the largest number of votes."

It places him precisely in the position of a candidate having the largest number of votes at 10 o'clock in the morning, and getting badly beaten at the closing of the polls in the evening.

But notwithstanding Mr. Moore's own statement shows that I got the largest number of legal votes at the last election, it is so ingeniously and cunningly worded that it is well calculated to deceive the public mind and create the impression that he had beaten me.

To put this question beyond controversy, I give the following certificate in regard to this and other matters out of which my opponents are endeavoring to manufacture political capital against me.

We hereby certify that at the trial of the contested election case of Cooper, &c., v. Moore in Harrison County Court, at its July term, 1858, we presided as three of the Justices who composed said Court.

And as we now believe, W. E. Lyon, on Tuesday, the 2d day of the Court, suggested that the question touching the legality of the Shinnston poll be taken up and considered, as it might possibly save the necessity of an examination of the legality of votes, but by the acquiescence and concurrence of the counsel for both Moore and Cooper, the question was deferred until a later day in the term, and on Friday, it was by consent of parties taken up and disposed of.

And we further certify, that on — day, and before the question of the Shinnston poll had been inquired into, the attorneys for Moore proposed to inquire into and consider the question touching the legality of the poll taken at Romine's Mills, because the same had not been taken at the house of James Davis, the place fixed by law.

And thereupon Andrew Radcliff, one of the said Justices, stated that it was unnecessary to debate that question, as the county court had theretofore changed the place of taking said poll from the house of said Davis to the Mill—under an act of the Legislature, and a vote taken in pursuance thereof—whereupon the attorneys for Moore abandoned that question.

And we further certify, that said Cooper had a majority of the votes legally cast at the last election.

We further certify, that during the term of said Court there were 93 Orders made—that said Court, according to the classification previously made, consisted of three Justices, but at the instance of the Court, and against the express wish of Col. Cooper's counsel, and in accordance with a wish expressed by the counsel for Moore, the next cases were called, consisting of D. Bassel and S. M. Ogden.

Ogden being absent, W. E. Lyon was called, and he and Bassel were associated with the regular Court for the trial of said contest. Col. Cooper and his counsel eventually acquiescing therein.

E. W. PATTON, J. B. WEST, A. RADCLIFF.

The undersigned were at Sardis when W. P. Cooper read to the people there the above statement by E. W. Patton, J. B. West and A. Radcliff, and W. E. Lyon, Esq., who was present, admitted the same to be true.

JOHN F. DYE, WILLIAM R. OGDEN.

It will thus be seen that four out of the five Magistrates who tried the case, say that I received the most legal votes at the last election, and there is not the shadow of a doubt in any informed and unprejudiced mind that such is the fact, although Mr. Moore labors hard in his circular to produce an impression to the contrary.

In fact, upon the finding of this result by the Court, my counsel resolved to insist upon the Court's permitting me to qualify as Clerk, but as the Court had signified a disposition to order a new election, I requested them not to oppose it, as I was perfectly willing to recommit the matter to the people, and had the fullest confidence that they would do what was right in the premises.

But Mr. Moore seems to object to the striking off of the Shinnston poll, and that too, after he attempted to strike off the Romine's poll, as is proven by the above statement. My counsel contested the Shinnston poll because it was illegal, as the Court unanimously decided it to be.

He contested the Romine's poll because he thought it was merely informal. If it was right for him to strike off a good poll on account of informality, (or to attempt it, which is the same thing so far as responsibility is concerned,) it certainly could not be wrong for us to strike off a bad poll on account of illegality.

What votes were contested by my counsel, were contested because they were illegal—some because they were illegal for one reason, and others because they were illegal for other reasons. All votes are either illegal and consequently bad, or they are legal and consequently good; and if a vote is illegal, it matters not why it is illegal—it is as bad by being illegal for one reason as for another. No vote can be legal and bad, neither can one be

illegal and good. The Shinnston poll was stricken off because it was illegal and consequently bad;—not because it was merely informal, as was the Romine's poll, which Mr. Moore sought to strike off;—and the Shinnston poll being illegal, it should have been stricken off. Certainly the people of Harrison county do not wish to have their officers elected illegally or by illegal votes?

Mr. Moore censures me because the officer who conducted the election at Shinnston was not properly sworn. It is well known that such officers must be sworn by a justice of the peace or some other person qualified to administer such oath; and it should be known to him who pretends to know so much about the duties of a Clerk, that I, as Clerk, had no authority to administer the oath to a conductor of an election.

The gentleman who conducted the election at Shinnston, swore, upon the trial of the case, that the reason why he and the other officers conducting the election at that place were not sworn according to law, was because there was no magistrate there. It has also been said that it was my duty as Clerk to explain their duties to the officers of elections. It would be a very extraordinary Clerk that could be at ten different precincts at the same time to explain to the officers conducting an election, their duties; but not more strange than that I should be censured for the absence of a magistrate at Shinnston on the day of the last election.

Mr. Moore and his friends are making a great out-cry about "the expense of the contest and the new election," and are endeavoring to create the impression that it is much greater than it really is. For the information of those not acquainted with such matters, I give the amount and items of the expense to the county. As the usual amount of other business was done at the term of Court this case was tried, as the above statement of the Magistrates shows, all the expense of that term of the Court that can be charged to the contest, is for the two extra magistrates who sat upon the case at the expressed wish of Mr. Moore's counsel, and the remaining portion of the expense is for holding the special election. The whole expense will not vary ten dollars from this calculation:

For the two extra Magistrates, \$3 a day 36.00
For one officer at each of the 13 precincts, at \$4 a day, 40.00
For say, three Commissioners, " \$1 " 30.00
For two Clerks, 75cts. " 15.00
For poll Books, &c., say, 5.00

\$126.00

This is the whole expense to the county, for both the contest and new election, and I am glad that my opponents have at last united them instead of representing each to be as large as both, and some times much larger. Each party to the contest had to pay his own costs in the contest. What his expenses in the new election are, of course I know nothing, and it may be this that he is making such a fuss about. But suppose the expense to the county was as great as it has been represented to be—say \$1000—would it be just to charge it to me? or would it not rather be right to charge it to those whose fraudulent conduct at the last election led to the contest? Suppose some scoundrel should set fire to one of your wheat stacks and you should catch him at it, and make complaint against him, have him arrested and put in jail to await his trial, and he and his friends should raise a hue and cry against you for putting the county to all this expense in keeping him in jail, what would you think of it? Would you consider it your fault, or his?

But it was not my fault, nor that of my friends, that the special election was ordered. We asked what we were entitled to by the laws of the land, that I be declared duly elected, which the examinations of the Court proved to be the case, and it was only because the Court signified a desire to order a new election that I requested my counsel not to insist upon my being allowed to qualify as the Clerk.

But Mr. Moore endeavors to enlist your sympathies and approbation by referring to your loss of another day to attend the special election. It is seldom that such demagoguism is publicly manifested.

What does he, who has no sympathy with the farmers and mechanics of this country, care for your loss of a day or even a week? There is no doubt, that he would be perfectly willing to keep you hewing wood and drawing water all the days of your lives, provided he held the offices. Is he not already the Clerk of the U. S. Court for the whole Western District of Virginia? and yet he has no hesitation in asking you to give him an other office. His allusion to my employing deputies to assist me in the discharge of the large amount of business to be done in my office, comes with very bad grace from one who has now employed four or five deputies, whom he scarcely sees twice a year. Is he not giving his own history when he speaks of those who do the work "dividing the compensation with an idle master, who is utterly ignorant of the duties he pretends to overlook—and he, indeed, grasping the lions share?" It was certainly an unfortunate allusion for him.

Mr. Moore charges me with being incompetent to discharge the duties of the office. The Bar that practices before our County Court have certified that I am competent and have discharged those duties in a creditable manner, and the Court at the July term appointed me Clerk pro tempore until one could be elected and qualified. I am perfectly willing to let this endorsement by the Court and Bar, stand against the assertion of Mr. Moore, my competitor, who is anxious to secure my defeat that he may occupy my place.

Mr. Moore endeavors to create a prejudice against me on account of the election being contested. I have no doubt

that he feels great indignation because he has not been permitted to force himself upon the people of this county by fraud and falsehood, but the people themselves will thank those eighteen voters who signed the complaint against the frauds practiced upon the most sacred rights of an American citizen. Of all our rights and privileges this is the most dear and should be the most zealously preserved in its entire purity. If it is violated in one way one day, it will be violated in another the next, and a third way again, until our elections become a perfect farce and plaything for the ambitious aspirant who knows no law or morals but his own wishes and desires. The man who contributes to the preservation of our glorious republican institutions in their purity, deserves well of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Moore, in his circular, speaks of "foul malice" and "the venomous tongue of slander." I have no doubt that he knows something of both—more than he is willing to admit. I have already felt the tooth of both. My moral character has been assailed in the most malignant manner. He and his friends have sought my defeat by every manner of falsehood and misrepresentation. On the day of the last election his friends and runners, at all the different precincts, were busy in this work. I was then charged with all the crimes in the calendar of immorality, and the same work of detraction is now being continued with increased violence.

Unfortunately for him, some of these falsehoods are resuting. The members of the M. E. Church are beginning to see that the charges of my opposition to it are mere electioneering schemes for the purpose of dragging that old and useful organization into the political arena where no good will be done it. M. J. Orr puts the quietus upon another of their assertions in the following card, and the certificates below effectually check his operations under false political colors.

HARRISON COUNTY, Aug. 19th, 1858.

MESSEURS EDITORS:

Immediately upon my withdrawal from the canvass for the Clerkship, last spring, an infamous charge was put in circulation that I had been bought off by Col. Cooper. Those who were said to be instrumental in giving birth to the charge, assured me it was all intended as a joke; and the many and horrible shapes in which it was set on foot, seemed to be so perfectly ridiculous that I gave myself no further concern about it.

But to my surprise and mortification, I learn that the base charge is being made use of in the present canvass with most malignant and deadly intentions of effect against Col. Cooper, and that many of my friends are induced to believe it true, and, more than all, that I myself would not deny it. Neither Col. Cooper nor any other man ever bought me off the track.

The cause of my withdrawal was from other, and I hope more honorable considerations, a short account of which I here proceed to give:

It was suggested to me by some of the American friends that the great probability was Mr. Moore would withdraw, and that would give me the election, without doubt, over Mr. Cooper; and till within twelve or fifteen days prior thereto, my prospects of success seemed to me most flattering. But from that time forward, in certain localities, and where my strongest hopes of support from the American party lay, and without whose support I knew I could not succeed, an unfavorable tone of voice kept constantly springing up. My Democratic friends began to despond, and became restless and expressed their belief that the Americans in their respective neighborhoods would go for Mr. Moore. I immediately advised with many of the strongest friends I had, and such as had battled hard for me during the canvass, and such as I knew had the best opportunities, from observation, of forming an opinion, and they gave it as their firm conviction, that a state of things did exist, calculated to deceive and defeat me, and that I was to be made a sacrifice for the benefit of others. This decided my course. To be defeated was not so much; but to be deceived and sacrificed, I could not stand. On Friday preceding the election, I met with Mr. Moore at West Millford, and had a short conference with him on the subject of withdrawing from the canvass. He gave me but little satisfaction in relation to it, but promised he would be in Clarksburg on the following Monday morning, where something on the subject might be said.

Early on Monday morning I prepared my card of withdrawal, and sought again, through friends, the intentions of Mr. Moore, and received, for an answer, that he would not withdraw. I forthwith handed Mr. Cooper my card for publication, which was no sooner done than I found that it produced in the minds of many of my most devoted friends, of all parties, the deepest regret, disappointment, mortification, and even indignation towards me, because they had been sanguine of my success. This state of things was instantaneously seized upon by my opponents, who were Mr. Moore's friends, and who to aggravate my disappointed friends the more, and promote their own candidate's election over his competitor, joined in the loud clamor, "Orr would have been elected! Orr would have been elected!" till it seems as though I would have lost but few votes in Harrison county. And upon the top of all came the charge of bargain and sale alluded to as above.

How far myself and friends have been deceived in our apprehensions of secret designs to sacrifice me, is not for us now to know; but I do know that on the day of the election an enemy of mine told me that it was the intention, and that he himself was strongly instrumental in putting the plan into operation, and since then I have been told by a reliable friend that

he had it from one whose veracity he was bound to respect, that it was the plan of the Americans to hold out inducements to keep me on the track till the election, and then vote for Mr. Moore.

M. J. ORR.

To meet, expose and disprove all the falsehoods and duplicity practiced in the present canvass, would be an Herculean labor, and I shall not attempt it; but I will expose some of the tricks practiced.

The following certificates show what positions are assumed sometimes: